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CONCLUSIVENESS is the keynote of the President's reply to the German government. No doubt is left as to the final terms of peace. They are the President's general terms, already known to the world. No doubt is left as to the manner in which those terms will be carried out in detail. There will be no haggling with Germany, but the nations associated against Germany will by the conditions of the armistice hold in their hands "the unrestricted power to safeguard and enforce the details of the peace to which the German government has agreed." The terms of the armistice are equally unambiguous. It will not be one which corresponds with the respective "standards of power" of the belligerents, but one "which will make a renewal of hostilities on the part of Germany impossible." There are no new conditions as to changes in the German government that must precede an armistice. On the contrary. The armistice terms, more drastic than any that have ever been proposed to a nation still capable of fighting, are explicitly defended on the ground that the German government is one that cannot be trusted. Apparently in law, certainly in fact, the King of Prussia still holds control of the army. No matter what constitutional changes may have been effected, the army, if presented with the alternative, would obey the Kaiser rather than the Reichstag. It is then not so much the will of any popular government in Germany, but the power that the President distrusts, so long as the German army remains powerful. He will not run the risk of counter-revolution against the government with which we may treat. The character of the present government, then, is no obstacle to the opening of peace negotiations, granted that it accepts the armistice proposals. But let it be noted, when it comes to the final conclusion of peace, the present government will not do. "In concluding peace and attempting to undo the infinite injuries and injustices of this war the government of the United States cannot deal with any but veritable representatives of the German people who have been assured of a genuine constitutional standing as the real rulers of Germany." That means thoroughgoing constitutional reform actually effected, not partial constitutional reform merely promised.

AT first blush, it may seem that there is not a chance in the world that Germany will accept such terms. Can Germany consent to deliver up her border fortresses, disarm and demobilize her armies, yield control of her navy, in short, throw herself defenceless upon the mercy of her enemies? Would she not prefer to fight to the end? This will no doubt be the first impulse of the German people. And yet there are powerful reasons impelling the German people, if not the German government, to an acceptance of the President's terms. Under them they are assured a just peace, if a harsh one. They must make up their minds to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and of Prussian Poland. They must submit to reparative indemnities for acts in contravention of international law on land and sea. They must reform their constitution under alien command. But they need not fear the wresting away of true German soil

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on the left bank of the Rhine. They will not need to stagger under punitive indemnities. There will be no economic boycott declared against them. This is what President Wilson offers as the price of submission. But what if, after the armistice, our Allies disclosed an intention of disregarding the President's principles, which, so far as the public knows, have never received full endorsement? The President specifically engages to secure such endorsement before the matter of the armistice moves farther. "The President has, therefore, transmitted his correspondence with the present German authorities to the governments with which the government of the United States is associated as a belligerent, with the suggestion that, if those governments are disposed to effect peace upon the terms and principles indicated," their military advisers be asked to submit to the governments associated against Germany the necessary terms on which an armistice will be granted. The President does not ask the Germans to disarm on the strength of engagements by the United States alone, but on those of all the Allied governments. The Germans must make themselves helpless, but before they have to do this they will have the word of honor of the whole Allied world that the peace will embody the principles of international justice to which they have already given their formal acceptance.

THE most flagrant weakness of the German position is not military. It consists in the state of mind of the civilian population. They seem almost incapable of continuing the war. The President is building his whole policy on this war-weariness. He hopes by the nature of the conditions preliminary to peace negotiations to evoke a more trustworthy Germany which can enter on equal terms into the future Society of Nations. He could never accomplish this by diplomacy alone. But neither will it be accomplished merely by force. The result of an exclusive policy of force would be to destroy the present coalition of parties in Germany and stimulate either a Junker or a Bolshevik revolution. Both of these alternatives would produce anarchy in Germany and throughout Middle Europe and would result in the perpetuation of militarism, not in its destruction. This was the meaning of the interview of Lord Milner, head of the British War Office, which was given out in London last week. The Allies doubtless have it in their power to kill political moderation in Germany, just as they and Germany together killed it in Russia, but is it worth while? Will the civilization which they represent gain any advantage from offering the German people a choice between Junkerism and Bolshevism?

ONE section of American public opinion is in danger of ignoring the most fundamental aspect of the politics of war. A belligerent nation can achieve victory in a war by one of two ways. It can annihilate the army of the enemy and then impose its own terms regardless of the enemies' interests or feelings. Or it can declare in advance its political objects, and abandon fighting as soon as it has sufficient assurance that the enemy consents to accept them. It is the second of these methods which President Wilson adopted when America entered the war. He defined a group of war aims which were to constitute the test of political victory, and the acceptance of which by the enemy would bring peace. The British Premier followed in this respect the President's example. Last July he stated that if "the Kaiser and his advisers are prepared to accept" the President's conditions, "he can have peace not only with America but with Great Britain and France." Mr. Wilson is committed by every obligation of good faith to carry through this democratic political strategy and so are the American people. It is the only method which makes war subservient to political principle, and which prevents war from becoming a dangerous and eventually a culpable obsession. A democracy is not only bound in honor not to wage war except for a wholly justifiable political purpose which cannot be realized in any other way, but it is equally bound in honor not to continue a war, the political purposes of which are already achieved. The President's political strategy is being justified by the event. The purposes for which America entered this war are on the verge of achievement in so far as they are capable of achievement by victorious force. War dominated by a political purpose has saved civilization and Europe from Kaiserism. War released from political restraints may plunge it into Bolshevism. Peace will soon be necessary not only to consummate the victory over Kaiserism but to safeguard the world against its threatening anthesis.

IN the great majority of states the most effective way in which a liberal voter can use his suffrage on behalf of liberalism at the coming election is to support the President by voting for the Democratic congressional candidates, but the occasional exceptions are of the utmost importance. There are a few districts and a few states west of the Mississippi in which the National party is running candidates with some hope of success, and wherever the nominees of this party have any chance of success they, rather than the Democratic nominee, can put in a persuasive argument for the suffrages of the pro-war radicals. The candidates of the National party are pledged to support the

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President in his war and peace policies. If any one of them is elected he will in these essential matters strengthen rather than weaken the administration, but they are also pledged, as the Democratic candidates are not, to progressivism in the treatment of post-war economic and social problems. The organization of the National party has lacked the resources or the opportunity to put many candidates in the field, but it has selected certain districts in Washington, Montana, Minnesota to contest, and in several of these districts its candidates have more than a fighting chance of success. It is of the utmost importance that a few of them should succeed. Regular party politicians need to be emphatically reminded of the growth of a radical movement in this country, one which aims at socialization as contrasted with socialism and which is disgusted with the intellectual and moral stagnation of the two older parties.

THE most significant aspect of Mr. Calderwood's candidacy as well as that of Miss Rankin's for the Montana Senatorship is the source from which their support is coming. Both of them are endorsed by the Non-Partisan League, and in some measure by local labor organizations. Such endorsement is indispensable. The future of the National party depends on the ability of its leaders to organize and maintain a large following among the farmers and wage-earners. The Progressive party failed because it remained to such a large extent a middle-class organization. The National party must secure effective support from all classes, but particularly from those who have most reason to be interested in a new and more humane social order. In Montana and Minnesota its brand of radicalism is arousing interest among the farmers and wage-earners, because the people of those states resent the unscrupulous way in which business and commercial organizations have labored to capitalize the war for the benefit of a class interest. The workmen's support may or may not be sufficient to elect Miss Rankin and Mr. Calderwood, but the agitation in these states is prophetic of a political revolt which will assume large proportions as soon as the war is over. West of the Mississippi River the people are keenly interested in liberalizing and socializing the work of domestic reconstruction. They know from hard experience how little they can trust the old parties to carry out a sincere and thoroughgoing programme of social legislation. The National party is the only political organization now in sight which sees the need of allaying this social unrest and satisfying social aspirations, and if it can put up a good showing this fall it may fall heir to a great opportunity and a great task.

OF the several elections contested with some chance of success by the National party, the fight against Senator Nelson for the Minnesota senatorship is much the most significant and important. In this instance the Democrats have declined to nominate a candidate, and Willis G Calderwood, Senator Nelson's opponent, has a clear title to the support both of the Democratic and Liberal voters. Since the Democrats originally decided not to contest Senator Nelson's reelection, conditions have radically changed. Republican opposition to the President's management of the peace discussions is growing, and if it should continue to gather until a break occurs Senator Nelson would naturally go with his party. A Minnesota Democrat who votes for him runs the risk of contributing to the election of a man who may within a few weeks or months be doing his best to defeat Mr. Wilson's method of bringing the war to a satisfactory conclusion. As to the nonpartisan liberals and radicals, Mr. Calderwood's title to their support is flawless. Senator Nelson can be fairly described as an honest, instinctive and incorrigible conservative. Minnesota is a state with progressive tendencies and its Senators must occasionally vote for progressive measures, but he has never shown any understanding of progressivism or any faith in it. He will bring a dogmatic, unawakened and reactionary mind to the problems of resconstruction.

ALL that Japan wants in Russia is the exclusion of German influence, and a responsible government, "whether Bolshevik or otherwise." Such is the announcement of Premier Hara, and it may be taken as the more authoritative because of the fact that the government over which Premier Hara presides represents rather the new commercial Japan than the old military autocratic order. Essentially, the policy is one of hands off, and taken in connection with the withdrawal of the Czecho-Slovaks from Samara, it may foreshadow an important change in the Allied attitude toward the Russian republic. Intervention in Russia was defended on the ground that in order to defeat Germany the eastern front had to be reconstituted. But now nothing is more certain than that Germany will have been defeated long before any forces can possibly be constituted on Germany's eastern front. Shall we then go ahead with intervention in order to right Russia's internal affairs? Japan, apparently, would rather not. And one reason for this is that there is a brilliant future for Japanese trade in Siberia, and even in Russia proper, if the Russians can be convinced that Japan has no designs either against Russian soil or against the right of the Russians to determine their own institutions.

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"WE will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree." So our fathers sang, marching against the Confederate forces, but those who sang it most enthusiastically were the stay-at-homes, whose morale had to be kept up by the anticipated zest of "punitive justice." We were also going to hang Robert E. Lee, and all the other high Confederate officers, military and civil. But we didn't. Jeff Davis and the rest of the Confederate leaders went down to their graves in peace. That is one of the chief reasons why we are today a united country, powerful enough to defend ourselves and to redress the balance of Europe. It is well to remember this at a time when even men of advanced years and presumably sound judgment are declaring that German resistance must not be allowed to collapse before the shells of the Allies have had an opportunity to demolish the façade of the Cologne cathedral and spread a nightmare of terror among the civil population of the Rhine territory. We are all human, and there is no denying that revenge is sweet. But so also are many other things civilization was devised to deny us, that our children might not pay in the end.

LIBRARY service could be, and should be, one of the most important of public utilities. It is a flexible service; it ought to be a part of the vital process of democracy; it is a condition precedent to the general diffusion of knowledge without which, will we nill we, the most important decisions in the state must be entrusted to minorities. It goes without saying that the library staff which is to perform this all important democratic service must be intelligent, skilful and enthusiastic. How do we go about procuring such qualities? By a system of scandalous underpayment. In New York City, which is served as efficiently as can be expected from an understaffed organization we have been paying librarians at rates ranging from $50 a month to a rare $150, and the Board of Estimate, though avowedly democratic in its programme and purposes, has left these figures unchanged. Other cities pay even worse: that is the only possible excuse. There are no manual trades in the city in such sorry case.

DEMOCRACY in its sanest form is the keynote of the Czecho-Slovak declaration of independence. The Czecho-Slovak nation is to be a republic. It is to guarantee freedom of conscience, religion, science, literature and art, freedom of speech and the press, the right of assembly and petition. There is to be universal suffrage, and women are to be placed on a footing of equality with men, socially and culturally as well as politically. National minorities are to enjoy equal rights, safeguarded by proportional representation. The government shall be parliamentary in form and shall recognize the initiative and referendum. The standing army shall be replaced by militia. Social and economic reforms are promised; large estates are to be redeemed for home colonization. There are to be no patents of nobility. These are some of the salient points in one of the most remarkable political documents of the time. They are the more significant because everyone who knows the Czechs feels certain that they will remain binding after the nation has actually attained its independence. The Czechs are democrats by instinct. Education and economic efficiency are widely distributed among them. We believe that their liberation will come to rank in history as one of the most valuable and permanent results of the war.

The President's Responsibility

"IF the President answers this note and undertakes to agree with Germany on the basis of it before her army is conquered and disarmed, I should think he should be impeached." Thus Senator Poindexter. The loyal American can afford to overlook the arrogance and insolence of this disgruntled Junker's ragings. They are not without value as pointing a question we must seriously put to ourselves.

Are we a people capable of making solemn engagements and keeping them? Are we a people capable, not merely of winning a war—of which a long series of nations, since extinguished in dishonor have proved themselves capable—but also of establishing on the basis of victory a peace so sane and so just that the seeds of future wars can find in it no soil in which to germinate? Then we will close our ranks behind the one man in our government who has been deliberately chosen by the whole people to direct our policy, to command our armies, to defend our interests.

Let every citizen endeavor honestly to realize in his imagination the kind of responsibility that rests upon the President. Sooner or later, we shall arrive at the point of time when the best possible peace can be made. If peace comes before that time millions will have died in vain. It is equally true that if the opportunity for peace when it arrives is not seized, millions will have died in vain. And what is more, in either event, a basis will have been laid for new wars, inflicting upon future generations costs like those our generation has borne, compounded by the intervening years. Such is the responsibility we have imposed upon Woodrow Wilson by our united voices. The manner in which he acquits himself of this responsi-

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bility will determine whether his name and that of our whole people shall be held in honor through the ages, or whether we shall wither together under the contempt of mankind.

The President is responsible not only to the people of America, but to the peoples of the Allied countries as well. They have suffered under the war as we have not. They are war weary in a measure that we do not conceive. They will fight on until the objects of fighting have been attained; they have no blood to spare for fighting's own sake. But their action is inextricably bound up with ours. In the final decision, our voice, expressed by President Wilson, is required to give validity to the decisions of their leaders. That is a responsibility that has fallen upon us not by peculiar merit of our national ideals, but by virtue of our unexhausted resources for war making and by virtue of the disinterested character of our aims in this war.

President Wilson is responsible for his decisions to the whole American people; to the peoples of the Allies; to the neutrals, whose future happiness depends upon a stable peace; even to the democratic fragments in the enemy peoples, who will be crushed or set on the road to power according to the wisdom of his decisions. That the President recognizes the tremendous weight of responsibility resting upon him there is not a shadow of doubt. There is not a shadow of doubt that he holds in his mind information as to the condition of our enemies and of our Allies in comparison with which the best knowledge of any other citizen is blank ignorance. There is not a shadow of doubt that the President is in closest communication with the governments of our Allies, that he is elaborating with those governments plans of action representing the interests of all the associated peoples. Nevertheless, he may err. But his judgment is the best that is available to us.

As free citizens of a free state, it is our right and duty to give voice to our opinions as to the justice and wisdom of any terms of peace before us. If we believe that Germany should be destroyed, let us by all means express our belief as emphatically as we can. If we believe that German sensibilities should be spared wherever possible, let us say it. Only by free expression of opinion can the President learn the temper of the country, one of the vital elements in the problem. But let us recognize that in the last instance we can speak as a nation only through the President. The engagements entered upon between the President and our Allies become binding upon us. And all talk of repudiating them, of impeaching the President for them, of inaugurating a revolution against them, is anarchy.

The End of Hapsburg Dominion

IN announcing to the Austro-Hungarian government that Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs are to be free, President Wilson speaks with an authority beyond that of the conqueror. It is the authority of the democracies of the world, at the opening of an era in which democracy is to be the only source of power. The ancient dominion of the House of Hapsburg has been condemned, as a perennial obstacle to the progress of the world toward its goal of freedom. Therefore that dominion must perish. If this determination must prolong the war, so be it.

But does not the President's sentence against Austria-Hungary involve punishment and humiliation, out of which the desire for revenge may later arise as a menace to peace? The Prussian Junker will do his best to convince the German people that in this action President Wilson has been actuated by a spirit of revenge. So will the advocates of war to extermination in America and the Allied countries. The enemies of President Wilson and of democracy, on both sides of the battle line, are desperately afraid that the war will break down through an understanding of the peoples. If they could bring the peoples to regard the dissolution of the Dual Monarchy as an act of " punitive justice " or of " revenge," they would win something for themselves, whoever wins or loses the war. For it is upon the mutual suspicions and hatreds of the peoples, subtly fomented, that the power of aristocratic minorities rests.

The peoples, however, will not be deceived in this matter. What single democratic interest of the peoples of Austria-Hungary is prejudiced by dissolution? The Germans of Upper and Lower Austria may be regarded as the backbone of the Austrian realm. They, if any nationality, profited from the empire. But never by any chance could they expect to get through the imperial government any legislation corresponding precisely to their interests. Always they had to submit to compromises, with the Magyars in all that pertained to Dual affairs, with Czechs and Poles in all that pertained to the affairs of the Austrian realm alone.

Next after the Germans, the Magyars had the most valid reason for desiring the maintenance of the status quo. They figured prominently in European affairs, for a nation of less than eight millions. Holding a strategic position, they could practically dictate the policies of the empire, and through the empire, could exert a powerful influence upon the course of general European politics. Such a position offered a dazzling career to great aristo-

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crats like Tisza. What did it offer to the common Magyar, tilling his ancestral acres, or plying his trade in the towns? It offered him oppression instead of liberty. For in order that Magyar influence in the Dual Empire might be all powerful, the politics of the kingdom had to be controlled by the few. The non-Magyar races had to be kept in complete subjection; and in the circumstances neither could the Magyars of the non-privileged classes be free.

To hold alien races in subjection is not an advantage to the common people of any nation. The Germans and Magyars of the Dual Empire are to be deprived of their power to oppress: that is all. They are thereby assured an opportunity of a wholesome political development of their own.

But was it not possible, under some form of federation, to secure the free development of the several national elements, and to preserve besides important advantages that are out of the question under independence? Might not Austria-Hungary, under a new constitution, have become a state analogous to Switzerland, where unity of economic life and of democratic spirit are maintained in spite of national diversity? These are questions that will be raised incessantly, if, as may be the outcome, the agonies of the war are greatly prolonged by the President's decision that Austria-Hungary must be broken up.

Let us consider what functions could be performed by a federal state with such diverse interests as those of the Germans, the Magyars, the Jugo-Slavs, the Rumanians, the Poles and the Czecho-Slovaks. Could such a federal state be entrusted with the control of foreign affairs? With the common administration of the army? With the control of commercial policy? With the administration of railways and canals? With the defense of nationality interests?

So far as foreign affairs are concerned, the interests of the several parts of such a federation would be hopelessly diverse. The relation of the Poles of Galicia to the Poles of the new Polish state would be very different from the relation to the Polish state of the other elements in the federation. Similar conditions would obtain in the relations of a Jugo-Slav state within the federation and the Serbian state; in the relations of a Rumanian federal state and Rumania. It is not many years since the difficulties of a common administration of foreign affairs resulted in a dissolution of the union of Norway and Sweden. Yet there were in the case of that union no differences in interest to be compared with those that would obtain between the several members of the Dual Empire.

We need not linger over the question of the common administration of the army. This was not feasible even when the members of the empire were only two. A unified army would be out of the question with the empire consisting of six autonomous nations. Besides, the Allied nations would never consent to a constitution that placed the whole man power of the six nations under the control of a single group of intriguers at Vienna or Buda-Pesth.

How about the control of commercial policy? In spite of all that German economists have written, nobody can be under the delusion that the Austro-Hungarian lands are a natural economic unit, with a common commercial policy indicated for them. The Czecho-Slovak territories represent a fairly well balanced industrial-agrarian state, with a prospect of a marked development of the finer industries, seeking a market principally in Germany, and, through Germany, in northern Europe and over-seas. For such a state a liberal commercial policy is natural. German Austria is overdeveloped industrially and underdeveloped agriculturally. The Magyar state is very backward industrially, but well developed agriculturally. Manifestly the Germans and Magyars would disagree bitterly on every point of commercial policy—as they have indeed in the past. The Jugo-Slav territories are by economic geography attached to the Adriatic and Aegean commercial spheres; Galicia, to the German and Polish. What statesman would undertake to devise a tariff that would be even fairly acceptable to all these contending interests?

A common transportation administration would encounter fewer difficulties, perhaps; yet it is easy to forecast quarrels over rates that would seriously disturb the harmony of the federation. Rates on manufactures from Bohemia into Hungary, for example: if too low, they would keep Hungarian industry from developing. Rates on Jugo-Slav animal products into German-Austria: if too low, they would enrage the Magyar stock raiser. We in America realize that once our railways become public property, we shall be confronted by serious sectional strivings in the matter of rates. But we can work the problem out on the basis of a real national unity. That is exactly what an Austrian federation would lack.

There remains the matter of nationalities. It is admitted that no demarcations of national boundaries can be wholly satisfactory. Wherever the boundary lines are drawn, there will be minority nationalities on either side. And these will run the risk of oppression. But a federation parliament with the power to interfere persistently in the matter would be likely to produce more friction than it would remove. The solution appears rather to lie in the adoption by the several states of con-

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stitutions assuring fair treatment to national minorities. The Czecho-Slovak declaration, with its plan of equal treatment of nationalities and proportional representation, offers as satisfactory a solution as is likely to be devised.

The conclusion appears inevitable that there is no adequate field of competence for a federal government uniting the nationalities of Austria-Hungary. All those nationalities have in common is a common history of oppression under the Hapsburg crown. There is no inherent reason why they could not continue to live in a purely personal union under that crown. But why, in the name of democracy, should they?

An Election in a Fog

ON Tuesday, November 5th, the American voters will exercise their rights under the Constitution and elect a new Congress which will sit from March 4th, 1919, to March 4th, 1921. They will elect this Congress, without, except in a few instances, any discussion of the specific issues which their new representatives will subsequently debate and decide. Before the term of the next Congress begins, the war will have come to an end, and the country will be confronted by the more prosaic but not less difficult and inexorable problems of peace. It will be the business of the representatives elected on November 5th to settle whether or not and how far the American people will participate in a League of Nations, whether and how far it will consent to those changes in domestic policy which its obligations under a League of Nations will demand, and by what means it will deal with the unprecedented dislocation of the domestic balance of economic and social power which has occurred during the war. Yet with a few exceptions the voters will elect representatives who neither as individuals nor as members of a party have expressed any opinions, given any pledges or received any instruction as to their future course. The American democracy is confiding the most important and contentious legislative task with which it has had to deal since the adoption of the Constitution to a body of men pledged only to carry on a fight which will come to an end before they are seated.

The excuse for this complete and disquieting failure of democracy in government is the truce between the two national parties. The only effective means which we Americans use of obtaining an illuminating and searching popular understanding and discussion of political issues is that of making them the occasion of a party contest. When the war began, the Republicans and the Democrats agreed to a temporary armistice which practically put an end to effective political discussion for the duration of the war. The armistice was, no doubt, a desirable and a public-spirited method of preventing merely factious opposition to the government and of obtaining concentration of national effort upon military success, but unfortunately it brought with it an almost complete and a wholly unnecessary discouragement of any public discussion, even of the political meaning and consequences of the war itself. The party politicians, having agreed among themselves to put partisan controversies aside, did their best to suppress all educational agitation and to fasten the stigma of disloyalty upon those who insisted upon associating the winning of the war with the discussion of controversial political purposes. In this they were aided and abetted by the public press and by the prevailing attitude of American public opinion. Yet an educational agitation about political and economic issues relevant to the war could have been carried on without any infirmity of military policy as the British have proved for the benefit of their American allies. They have continued throughout the war a spirited and illuminating political debate which has prepared public opinion for an intelligent handling of the problem of domestic and international reconstruction.

Badly prepared as the American nation was a year and a half ago to deal with the exigencies of war, it is worse prepared now to deal with the more contentious exigencies of peace. War aroused national feeling and brought with it unity and concentration of effort upon the task of beating the enemy, whereas when peace comes this very intensity of national feeling, operating as it will on the contentious material of domestic reconstruction, will impair the moral unity of the nation. The natural pugnacity of the American character, now being so freely expressed, will transfer its attention from Germans to Americans; and it will not be moderated by any previously prepared basis of agreement. In debating problems of reconstruction, our specific national traditions in foreign and domestic policy will distract and confuse American opinion rather than guide it and pull it together. Our deepest tradition in foreign policy is one of national isolation, which if a political victory is to reward the labors of the American army must be transformed into one of international cooperation. Our deepest tradition in domestic policy is one of legalistic and fatalistic individualism which will act as a barrier to any constructive handling of the post-war social and economic problems. Unless the traditions are profoundly modified, the nation will either be torn to pieces by the intensity of its internal dissensions and will be un-

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able to reach any decision, or it will decide hastily, inadequately and, in all probability, mischievously. The existing popular state of mind is at once intemperate and befuddled. It is traveling fast, but it does not know either in what direction the port lies or what course must be steered in order to arrive.

The behavior up to date of the two old parties prophesies their inability to pilot the American people through the rough and dangerous waters ahead. Last March President Wilson tried to arouse his partisan associates to a lively sense of the serious nature of their task. "Every sign," he said, in his letter to the New Jersey Democrats, "of these terrible days of war and revolutionary change, when economic and social forces are being released upon the world whose effect no political seer dare venture to conjecture, bids us search our hearts through and through and make them ready for the birth of a new day." The way in which the Republican and Democratic parties have searched their hearts and made themselves ready for the birth of a new day was to nominate for Congress a list of candidates who are chiefly remarkable for their loyalty to the party machines and their absence of ideas. These Republican and Democratic footmen have no political stock in trade but the old party slogans which, according to President Wilson, "have lost their significance and will mean nothing to the voter in the future." When the time comes to discuss the reasons for reaching imperative and momentous decisions they will still further confuse the mind of the nation by using these slogans to prevent the voters from facing the essential facts and accepting the salutary principles. They have abandoned any shreds of party conviction which they have inherited from the past. They have not acquired any understanding or conviction which will equip them to deal with the future. If they possessed the will and the mind to meet the coming needs of the country, they would at least have braced themselves to nominate an exceptionally able and well informed list of congressional candidates this fall rather than a list of party hacks. The breath of life is not in them.

There is in this respect little or nothing to choose between the two parties. Democracy is as bankrupt as Republicanism. Nevertheless a pro-war liberal can find a good reason for supporting Democratic rather than Republican candidates for Congress. The Democrats, divided and impoverished as they are, have as their leader the American statesman who is bringing to the issues of the future insight into their revolutionary meaning. President Wilson understands clearly the necessary reaction upon the social basis of western democratic politics of the victorious consummation at such a huge cost of a war to safeguard democracy. He understands the impossibility of forming a League of Nations which will endure to work impartial justice, without socializing the democratic state. As President and leader of his party he can, as he did in 1915, force the Democrats to enact social legislation which if they were left to their own devices they would timidly reject. Quite apart from his relation to his party, he has earned the allegiance of every American voter who proposes to fight to the bitter end against any restoration of the status quo ante, either in national and international politics, and who is sick of bargaining with predatory interests, no matter whether they are German or American.

President Wilson will need the support of liberal voters. In our opinion there is a good chance of the election of a Republican majority in the lower House. The party truce will work in favor of the Republicans. For Democratic candidates as representatives of the party in power will fail to get the votes of many citizens who cherish petty personal grievances because of some real or imaginary mistake or injustice in the administration of the war, and these malcontents for personal reasons may well be sufficiently numerous to wipe out the slender Democratic preponderance in the present House. The Democrats will not be able to capitalize their success in fighting a victorious war because if they tried to do so they would break the truce. An armistice usually works against a belligerent who can win only by being aggressive, which is precisely the situation of the Democrats. The party truce prevents the President from appealing to the country for the maintenance of a Democratic majority in Congress. Yet if the voters deprive him of a majority, his prestige throughout the world will suffer and the measure of national and international reconstruction proposed by the administration during the rest of the President's term will probably be imperilled.

The actual defeat of the President and his party at a congressional election, held just at the moment of the winning of one of the greatest personal victories ever achieved by a statesman, would be another symptom of the enfeebled and unwholesome condition of American public opinion which results from the suppression during the war of living political discussion. The President's victory consists not merely in beating Germany but in associating American present participation in the war with her future participation in a League of Nations, organized to consummate and perpetuate the victory of justice. The average voter does not understand the meaning of what Mr. Wilson has done, because his programme instead of being debated and candidly explained has been accepted

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with hasty and indiscriminate enthusiasm. The indispensable condition of explaining the far-reaching meaning of the President's war policy to the ordinary American voter was to create an atmosphere of educational discussion and agitation, and this atmosphere the administration itself deliberately refused to create. Through its censorship and its Bureau of Public Information, it encouraged intellectual stagnation in relation to the issues of the war, and intellectual stagnation was bound to work in favor of the President's stand-pat opponents and against the popular appreciation of a daring and lofty political innovation. The American voters are not conscious of what a priceless and permanent boon the President is trying to obtain for them by forming a League of Nations. Neither are they conscious of the irreconcilable opposition to the President's success among his associates abroad and his fellow-countrymen and of the increasing determination of these opponents to defeat him. It is doubtful whether they can be awakened to the dangers which threaten both their own interests and Mr. Wilson's success except after public discussion more frank and prolonged than any which can now take place before the Peace Conference.

Woman in Industry

SOME months ago, the Secretary of Labor inaugurated a Woman-In-Industry Service in his department. The new division was designed to keep guard over the fresh hosts of women whom the war has called into industry, to see that existing state laws for the protection of women should not be swept away by the hurry of war production, to extend safeguards against the ill-considered exploitation of women in states where no protective legislation exists. The Secretary realized the national necessity of regulating night work for women, of protecting them against excessive day shifts, of safeguarding them from industrial poisons. Miss Mary Van Kleeck was appointed director, Miss Mary Anderson, an experienced trade-unionist, assistant director of the new branch of the Department of Labor.

The Woman-In-Industry Service proceeded to formulate policies in the light of the best state experience. But the enforcement of policies once formulated soon proved to be another and far more difficult matter. No one had adequately measured the dimensions of the task. Even the Secretary of Labor seems to have underestimated it. The budget for the new service was fixed at forty thousand dollars, hardly enough to support a competent headquarters staff, totally insufficient for the creation and maintenance of a competent force of field agents. To save an essential part of the war labor programme from failure, the director of the service found it necessary to turn to the leaders of the trade-union women. Here, as in the case of cantonments, the shipyards, the coal fields, the meat packing houses, the government found the unions indispensable to the effective prosecution of the war.

This fact in itself has not yet received adequate appreciation either from anti-union employers or from the general public. The war has demonstrated that the trade-union organization of labor is not only essential to efficient protection of labor, but is equally essential to efficient production on a national scale. In so far as this fact has penetrated the public consciousness at all, it is associated almost exclusively with the organization of men, with the leaders of the American Federation, who have been called into frequent conference by the President and the heads of government departments, and the men's unions whom these leaders represent. Even the leaders of the American Federation of Labor have been slow to recognize the importance of the principle of organization and democratic representation in relation to women. The male trade-unionists have maintained toward women in industry much the same negative or semi-hostile attitude that most conservative employers hold toward them. There is no woman on the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. In selecting their representatives on the War Labor Conference Board—now the Taft-Walsh board—the American Federation failed to nominate a single woman. The way of the trade-union woman has been made so difficult by this half-hearted attitude of the men that the outstanding leaders of the woman's trade-union movement have come not from the ranks of organized labor, but from the ranks of those whom the spokesmen of the American Federation of Labor often rather contemptuously refer to as outsiders and impractical reformers.

It is from this group that Miss Van Kleeck herself comes. That she has as keen an appreciation of the essential public value of the organized labor movement as any trade-union leader is established by the fact that the conference of trade-union women which she called two weeks ago is the first of its kind ever brought together by an officer of the government.

Her reasons for calling the conference and the action which the trade-union women took are highly significant. From the beginning of the war, it has been the government's policy to discourage short-sighted attempts to relax labor laws. For instance, the government recognized that unregu-

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lated night work for women was detrimental to the health and morals of women, to family life and the welfare of children. When attempts were made, early in the war, to abrogate the labor laws of such states as New York, especially the laws restricting night work for women, the government openly and effectively interposed its objections. As the war continued, however, as more and more men were drafted into the army, the demand for the suspension of state labor laws became acute. Certain manufacturers deliberately ignored the laws on avowed grounds of public necessity. Munition plants were opened in states where no protective laws existed. The Woman-In-Industry Service, in cooperation with the War Labor Policies Board, decided that night work for women in all plants working on government contracts should be prohibited as a general rule and should be permitted only upon official request of the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy, and then only under conditions approved by the Secretary of Labor through the Woman-In-Industry Service. As a declaration of policy, this decision was admirably courageous. But with only forty thousand dollars available, the effective enforcement of this and many similar decisions was manifestly impossible. To meet the emergency, Miss Van Kleeck turned to the women trade-unionists for advice and help.

Some twenty-five woman labor leaders responded. After listening to appeals from the Secretary of Labor, from Mr. Frankfurter, chairman of the War Labor Policies Board, from Miss Van Kleeck and Miss Anderson, they resolved their conference into a permanent advisory board to meet from time to time with Miss Van Kleeck. They undertook to act as unofficial field agents for the Service. They called upon the Secretary of Labor for an immediately increased appropriation from available emergency funds, and drafted a carefully considered budget of three hundred thousand dollars for presentation to Congress They formulated a demand that wage boards, state and federal, should fix a minimum wage for women, not upon the customary basis of a living wage for single women, but adequate for the support of women with dependents. They appealed to the government and the men's unions to provide for women entering skilled trades the same opportunity for training that is now provided for men. They asked for the appointment of women on all war labor boards, and especially upon the Taft-Walsh Board. And, as a culminating expression of their eagerness to assume their full and appropriate share of civic responsibility, they protested vehemently against the Senate's failure to endorse the federal suffrage amendment, which they considered essential to their dignity and security as industrial workers.

The first conference of the trade-union women with a representative of the government gives fresh emphasis to the obligation which the nation owes to organized labor. Its action is a guaranty to the men's unions that the women have no intention of acting as a willing substitute for the dried-up stream of immigrant labor, whose un-American exploitation by American employers and whose un-American standards of living have for generations kept a quicksand bog beneath the feet of the American labor movement. The trade-union women are resolved that women shall enter industry with American standards of living and with American ideals of responsible democratic citizenship. Their attitude toward the suffrage amendment should tend to liberalize the woman's suffrage movement which has hitherto been too exclusively feminist and not sufficiently democratic. The trade-union women realize, as too many mere suffragists do not, that in our industrial civilization the political franchise remains sterile unless it is supplemented with the industrial franchise. By their readiness to cooperate with the government in formulating and enforcing sound labor policies, they have uncovered a fresh source of national strength.

In calling this first conference of trade-union women, Miss Van Kleeck has established a precedent which other government departments and the State Council of Defense would do well to follow. The active and organized cooperation of the disciplined leaders of the American woman's trade-union movement is essential to the effective protection of our industrial morale from the risks that inevitably attend the unregulated incursion of women into industry.

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ten could be added as quickly as the stores were there; where one soldier was at school a thousand could be trained as soon as they arrived. The General Staff knew that the millions would be needed, had faith that they would come, and pre-

and the A. E. F.

pared in advance the mechanism that is now, with relative ease and speed, transforming the arriving masses into a first-class army.

General Pershing and the military and technical specialists he selected to bring with him to France were literally a band of pioneers. There was no part of the A. E. F. that did not have to be built from the bottom up. The General Staff itself had to be developed in the expert European sense after got to France, and, owing to the distance from Washington, had also to assume many of the functions of a War Department. A large number of trained officers and non-commissioned officers had to be manufactured out of the fatal dearth. A huge, trained, homogeneous, fighting army had to be created out of a nucleus of 50,000 heterogeneous and fairly discordant elements. And to maintain this army there had to be organized a gigantic business machine—"two or three Standard Oil Companies and several Pennsylvania Railroads rolled into one," as one Staff officer put it. The President had conferred on the Commander-in-Chief a very large measure of freedom and responsibility in all these matters. On his preliminary decisions, on the technique he developed for our army, on the relations he established with our Allies, depended ultimately the success or failure of America's participation, therefore the success of the Entente. It was this that gave such a special atmosphere of adventure, resilience, and intense effort to General Headquarters last winter. The stakes at issue for our General Staff were enormous.

The American army had never had a General Staff until 1903. The Army War College dates from 1904 and the admirable Staff College at Fort Leavenworth from 1904. It had become increasingly the custom to send officer observers to European manoeuvres and European wars. Yet the Regular Army as a whole had little sympathy with the formation and dominance of the General Staff of the A. E. F. The original military members of the Staff were themselves practically all officers of the Regular Army, men in the forties and early fifties, who had seen colonial service. I say "were" because General Pershing's plan of a rotation from the Staff to the Line has taken place and, with certain important exceptions, most of the personnel of the General Staff has changed since our combat army has grown to large proportions. A goodly number of these first Staff officers were Leavenworth and War College graduates—that is, officers whose theoretical training approximated

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that of the European experts. General Pershing had chosen them for that reason. Some of them had been observers with the French or British or German armies before April 1917. Many, but by no means all, were West Pointers. The first Chief of Staff, for instance—who later commanded a division on the Marne and has now been advanced to the important post of Commanding General of the Service of Supplies—was one of a number who had risen from the ranks. What is certain is that western and southern accents prevailed in those bare barracks on the remote old French hilltop where G. H. Q. was established.

The General Staff is divided into five sections. The first, G 1, deals with administrative questions: ocean tonnage, requisitions on the War Department, priority of shipments, disposal of prisoners, billeting, replacements and the like. G 2 deals with Intelligence—that minute, detailed, incredible knowledge of the enemy, his military movements, his order in battle, his codes, his morale, his economic resources, which has been developed to a degree unknown to history in this war and has greatly influenced its course. The Secret Service and the Counter-Espionage System are a part of the Intelligence, so also is the Censorship; it has an important topographical division, and directs the training of the Intelligence Corps which serves with the army in the field. G 2 is a sort of observing eye for G 3; the Operations Section in which are made all the important military decisions; strategic plans, troop movements, artillery concentrations, strategical and tactical liaisons with Allied G. H. Q.'s are there decided. In these three sections the American Staff closely follows European models. G 4, which corresponds to the British "Operations B" and to the French "Quatrième Bureau" coordinates supply, transport, hospitalization, etc.: it is practically a priority board within the A. E. F.. G 5 enunciates the doctrine of instruction and training throughout the A. E. F. and supervises its course at the schools recently described in the New Republic. The heads of the five sections are known as Assistant Chiefs of Staff, and they are selected without regard to rank; each is supposed to have an understudy who can always replace him.

The administrative and technical services of our army: Adjutant General, Inspector General, Judge Advocate Departments; the Quartermaster, Medical, and Engineer Corps; the Ordnance Department, Signal Corps, Air Service, Gas Service, Tank Service, Transportation Department, Provost Marshal Service, and General Pershing's invaluable creation, the General Purchasing Board—whose function is the non-competitive purchase and procurement of supplies in Europe in cooperation with inter-Allied authorities—were all represented by their supreme heads on the General Staff during the first six months of its existence. In February these services were, with a few exceptions, transferred to the control of the Commanding General of the S. O. S. whose headquarters were situated in another part of France. This transfer was proof that the business machine was sufficiently in motion not to need the immediate daily attention of the Commander-in-Chief. Since then he has been able to direct his most active thought to the combat troops, which, about February, began to give a first account of themselves. But as each divisional unit of this combatant A. E. F. was supposed to be complete in every arm, provided with American guns, munitions, airplanes, and all the rest of that highly perishable material by which armies live—the average life of an airplane, for instance, is one hundred days; that of a big gun, if fired continuously, two or three minutes—and as the least of the A. E. F.'s food stocks had to travel many thousand miles, the problems involved with the S. O. S. were among the first and most pressing which our General Staff had to face.

The daily needs of the American soldier were calculated on a per capita basis: fifty pounds a day. This meant that a system of reserve supplies, fixed at ninety days, must be organized, automatically stocked from America and stored with due regard not only to our own military necessity, but to war risk and to physical and economic conditions in France. To this end the American Lines of Communication were divided into three great geographical sections: the Base, the Intermediate, the Advance, each with its definite proportion not only of the supply, but of the transportation, manufacturing, repair, medical and training facilities of the army. But France was entering into her fourth year of war. Even before the war her economic condition was exactly the opposite of our own: she had plenty of labor and few raw materials, consequently few of those labor-saving devices on which American efficiency relies. The French ports were so overtaxed when our army began to arrive that neither troops nor supplies could be landed in any considerable amounts until large docks suitable for the quick unloading of our hurried ships had been constructed. And the French railroads were so overcrowded that supplies and troops could not be carried until yards, sidings, cut-offs, block systems, terminals, shops, had been built and American locomotives and cars set up. And supplies could not be stored or troops detrained until depots and camps had been prepared. And the plants, tools, and even most of the materials of construction: steam shovels, cement, eighty foot piles had to be brought from America. Billets

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were everywhere possible used instead of barracks. French camps, public buildings, hotels, were requisitioned for our camps, hospitals, schools. Yet the mere material used in the necessary construction work of the A. E. F. during its first year in France was equivalent to that used in building the Panama Canal in ten years.

The responsibility for running the business end of our army and using its specialists, many of them leaders in the American business world, to the maximum advantage has, as I have noted, been centralized outside of G. H. Q. for the past seven months. Presumably Lt.-Colonels on the General Staff no longer have to turn their minds to stopping the arrival of bathtubs, or to deciding that bulky food containers for the trenches should be manufactured on this side of the water. The Lt.-Colonel of whom I am thinking has long since gone where his heart must always have been—to the Line, where he has recently won the grade of Brigadier General. But we perhaps owe him as much thanks for the one as for the other service. An army, as Napoleon said, crawls on its stomach, and our army of now nearly two millions is 5,000 miles from its base. Though we may rejoice that our General Staff can now concentrate on military decisions, this fact should never be forgotten in estimating the first year's achievement of the A. E. F.

As I travelled through the army during its early months here I perceived a certain resentment at a control exercised from above and afar by G. H. Q. Every man was so bent on making the job in front of his nose a first-rate success that he tried to grab all the tricks for himself. If he had not tried he would have got nowhere, for tricks were few during those first months. Many a depot had to be built of automobile crates, and at least one rock-cut was made by hand. Yet the control, the co-ordination of G. H. Q., though it could not always be God-given in its wisdom, was vitally essential. As one West Pointer of ex-baseball fame put it: "This is an all-America team, but they don't know the signals." How many times have I heard that this is "an engineers' war," "a war of transportation," "an aviators' war," "a war of artillery." True enough, but not as the individual specialist sees it. The job of G. H. Q. is to deflect each truth a little from its straight drive so that all will eventually meet in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief and be turned to the best service of our ardent fighting army.

The military plan of our General Staff is wrapped in mystery. Our army is now like the horse that is chafing under the hand of the jockey before the start. Yet there are probably very few who do not, after the experience of the summer, put a great faith and a mighty hope in the race it is about to run under the direction of our General Staff and High Command.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Paris, September 25th.

The Quitter

I SHOULD like mighty well to understand how my friend Dean has suddenly come to be so orthodox near the age of fifty. If I could trust any of my nimble Freudian acquaintances I'd enjoy turning them loose on Dean.

Perhaps he was never really open-minded. One way of explaining a change in a man's general attitude is to discover that there is nothing to explain. But for a number of years many of us looked on Charlie Dean as a true critic, a genuine mugwump, a man without the least taint of tribal loyalty or orthodoxy. Unless all our categories are meaningless, he was certainly mentally self-governed up till the last five or six years.

By "us" I do not mean the important fellows with whom he is now associating on his war board. I mean the little group of wilful men with whom he used to play before the war. Why do flies flit around in the centre of a room, under a chandelier? I do not know. Neither do I know why our particular group has kept spinning around together for years. A common capacity for self-revelation and analysis, a common self-awareness, a touch of the comic spirit—this seems to have been the magnet. And no fellow in the group was more disposed than Dean to press beyond the facile explanation of things, or more quick-witted and gleeful about the comic aspect of satisfied conventional explanation. He was the least of a "regular fellow" in the crowd.

When he was a boy he wasn't called Skinny, as he might have been on account of his long, lean, lanky, Yankee appearance. He kept very much to himself and he was taunted with an uncomplimentary nickname. He carried the effects of that harsh and unfriendly period to college. At college he was probably an unapproachable prig, in one sense, and a most admirable student, in another. There was a thorn hedge between him and every kind of popularity, he went his own way with locked mouth and shrewd eyes. Only a few detached sarcastic youths at last enlisted him, and with them he found he could be open-mouthed and open-eyed and free. The talk he enjoyed was subversive talk. His being expanded and his happiness mounted when they began their sapping and mining. Blasphemy, irreverence, indecency, ribaldry, levelled all the oppressive barriers about

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him, and he had a glorious time and became fully himself when the last idol was dethroned. From these experiences he took his cue. Still, to the exterior gaze, a meek and self-effacing young gentleman, he was never at home with regular people. Depressed by the hypocrisy that they forced on him and the polite assents that they forced from him, he knew no relief until he escaped to the sanctuary of his own racy crew. In that crew the average of intellect was probably high, judging by later achievement. But the tone was not meant to be edifying.

As Dean grew older and began to acquire the confidence that comes with meeting people and working with them and earning money from them and dining out with them, he developed almost a mania for tampering with other people's convictions. The ancestral frying-pan seemed to have given him a chronic indigestion which made him incapable of acquiescences. There was a side to this restlessness that wasn't all mental. Possessing no particular charm for women, he still could not help being definitely interested in them and with young married women he came to specialize as a sort of harmless satyr. Proceeding on the theory that what they didn't know couldn't shock them and what they did know couldn't shock them either, he delighted to be probingly personal in a wide variety of ways. His wilder adventures, however, were mainly confined to his imagination. Inside his brain his sexual vein was varicose. All that was awkward and inept in his personal approaches was smooth and swift in his daydreams. In those daydreams he was no longer a creaking New Englander with a landscape of gray poverty and piety behind him. His desires made him a molten path through all the stubborn obstacles of the material world. He became a devil of a fellow with men and women, a Puck who laughed maliciously at old women and blushing dairymaids and husbands immensely befooled. These soaring dreams drew a half-laugh from him, when he woke up to them, but his laugh was never so cordial when he caught on to himself as when he exposed this sort of playboy infatuation in others.

But daydreams did not absorb Dean. To make terms with reality, the crass money-seeking reality of his profession, was more of a job than he could easily encompass, but he stood up to his difficulties with ancestral determination. It came naturally to him to drive himself, to go against the grain of human nature, to do chores and exact chores. And the bitter mirth with which he observed the older men who had risen to the top by lucky accident—the Poloniuses of the bar, the tiresome old stiffs, the short-weights, the stuffed shirts—did not blind him to the energy and intelligence and courage of many men who "made good." He was not enough of a conformist to make a big killing himself, however. The importance of property never sufficiently impressed him so that he could engross himself in fighting for it. He worked doggedly but not spiritedly. A big client more or less, a big corporation more or less—what t' hell! His real life was spent in the companionship of a few men who held the mirror up to themselves and to each other, and felt about their successful associates at country clubs and in limousines the way monkeys in the jungle must feel about monkeys in the zoo.

When he married, outsiders expected him to conform. His mother-in-law gazed fondly at him, her deferential son, and foresaw a new era of baby worship. It did not come soon. Although Dean and his wife went to live in the stucco fringe of a wealthy suburb, they refused to stucco their personalities. They kept a bowl for visiting-cards in the hall, but they had a special glassy smile for their fellow-commuters and were content to be thought clams until they had enough money to have children and move into town. It was with the coming of the children, however, that Dean's heterodoxy seemed to wobble. Quite a while before the war he began to give evidences of parenthood. The words, My Boy, or, My Little Girl, were not infrequently on his lips. Though he was sharply frank about his children, he took them seriously and he regarded himself as working solely for them. He no longer stood a few inches aside from every responsibility or talked of baby-worshippers as the joke of the age. Still, responsible parents do sometimes remain intellectually independent. It was not until the war that Dean's nonconformity seemed completely to evaporate.

Between August, 1914, and April, 1917, came the awkward issue of preparedness. Somewhat to his surprise Dean found himself believing hotly in preparedness and lining up on the issue with most of the regular fellows. Never before had he been a joiner, a conformist, but now it seemed pointedly evident that unless everyone combined the Germans would land somewhere about Old Point Comfort and get right after his little boy and girl. Dean's world contracted. The U. S. A. shrank to the size of Nantucket and every hull that appeared looked like the bulge of a helmet. Heterodoxy was all very well, he found himself confessing, but so long as the Germans threatened civilization he was a Practical Man, a Joiner. And the minute America declared war he piked down to Washington to get a job.

Most of our group were there already, as a matter of fact, and each of us agreed with him that we were all at the country's command. It was

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only after a while that his peculiar fervor began to dawn on us. He was beginning at the age of forty-seven to feel himself the member of a pack. His head was bent to the trail and he had no eyes or ears for outsiders. He was a man of action, at last, in a happy field of action. He wanted nothing of the outsider or the critic. His old habit of detachment, of analysis, was licked up as the sun licks up a fog. For heterodoxy about the war he felt a definite disgust. After a long hard day's work at the office, doing the job of two men, he didn't want to talk about the war or anything else. He wanted to go to bed. All talk about the war, its causes and motives and duration, became to him—talk, talk, talk. Why talk about a Fact, an Actuality, an Inescapable Condition of Existence? Somewhere in the middle of his being he felt a pain, not indigestion. He was morose at the notion of free discussion. A horrible effluvia, a literary taint, seemed to him to emanate from a number of his old acquaintances. He found himself thoroughly at home with a banker or two, a couple of judges, a building contractor, a steel man, an insurance expert. The rest of his friends meant no more to him than blanc mange or floating island to a lumberjack. He danced admiringly around one particular industrial giant as a dog barks and leaps just ahead of an imperturbable horse.

At first this uncritical position seemed a necessary measure of economy. A man of limited physical and nervous resources, Dean was obliged not to scatter his effort or dissipate his will. But as the war went on he began to give the same importance to the gratification of his aroused instincts (called "moral indignation") as any middle-aged member of any reputable club. All his life he had seen and felt the irony of partisanship, even where he took sides. As late as 1912 he had offered smiling excuses for Roosevelt to heated suffragists, and he had managed to be a Progressive without considering Elihu Root a person of dominating but malignant intellect. Any such impartiality now became obnoxious to him. From resenting criticism of Kitchener and Joffre he turned to resenting criticism of Cadorna or the Rumanian allies. The suggestion that the Paris Conference was open to question incensed him. He greeted such suggestions with uneasy silence until some authoritative voice was raised against them, and then he shouted disapproval in unison with the voice of authority. He bristled at the notion of the Stockholm Conference, and he found himself urging the suppression of British labor until a nervous English Tory begged him for heaven's sake to shut up. He declined to shut up, at any rate, about unconditional surrender. He did not want his war to be taken away from him. He wanted to keep on crusading, in Washington. For the policies of Woodrow Wilson he developed a special brand of contempt.

What is the explanation of this change? He says that now, for the first time in his life, he is completely happy in working with competent associates for an object thoroughly worth while. Is this a sufficient explanation? Or is there a deeper explanation on the basis of instincts at long last gratified? Are there, after all, different orders of discontent, divine and profane? and is the man who is subject to profane discontent quite likely at any time to turn up orthodox, provided his work becomes congenial or his sex-life smoothed or his digestion improved? I have no answer on the subject, but I should like very much to understand how, at the age of forty-eight or so, my friend Dean arrives at the kind of position that he had always previously jeered at. I do not mean his position of agreement to the war, the obligatory war. A man can agree, out of independence, as well as disagree. I mean the intolerant and truculent character of his agreement. What can be the outcome of such orthodoxy, such refusal to face the termination of the conflict? I am as much interested in his piety, in this respect, as I should be if Voltaire had finished up a Catholic. It is the same sort of puzzle, in its little way, knowing the previous critical intelligence of Dean. F. H.

The Marseillaise

MARCHING for liberty to the strains of the Marseillaise is one of the great high human emotions, for the person who has experienced it perhaps the greatest and highest of all. It is not only the marvellously modulated music that so stirs the heart, it is the spiritual association, the memory of all the aspirations which have found expression through it. For more than a century, wherever oppressed people have risen against the forces that bind them, they have sung the Marseillaise, holding aloft banners inscribed with many different legends, making of it the great symbolic hymn for humanity struggling with titanic power toward a better life in the world.

Thus it sounded in my ears as our shining columns swung down Fifth Avenue behind the band, our white veils fluttering before a stiff breeze out into the May sunlight. I forgot the workrooms where, with the women in line all about me, I made bandages for the Red Cross day after day, and remembered only the immortal cause of Liberty in which we were auxiliary soldiers. Ourselves citizens of a free commonwealth, we had

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answered the call to arms sounded by the trumpets of France and had offered ourselves with all that we possessed to fight for the sacred cause.

Our great city, Mistress of Waters and foster mother to thousands of the dispossessed children of older lands, was astir, marching, marching. Yesterday it was the tramp of her fighting soldiers that had made her streets re-echo with their heavy rhythmic tread; today civilian men and women, workers all with hand and brain, flowed in seemingly endless tide down her great highway; tomorrow the nations of the earth would fling out their flags to the breeze, all except the flags of the enemy; and the day after, at that time unforeseen, the people would gather in sadness to watch pass by under the advancing line of airplanes high above the houses the funeral procession of the man who had done honor to them as their chief magistrate and had given his life not so much for his country as for the ideals that had created his country. What a change had come over us since, only one short year before, we had decked our streets to receive the envoys of the Allies. Then we had been eager but unsure of ourselves, terribly anxious indeed at heart, and with troubled consciences because of our long delay in answering Germany's challenge of all we hold most sacred. Now we knew that we should never stop marching until victory was won.

In France our boys were following after the very music that was leading us onward here. Since August, 1914, from the coast of Flanders all the way to the Alps, its strains have formed a hedge of fire and of flame about the principle of justice and faith-keeping among nations, and the right of even the weakest men to the possession of their own homes. English songs, Belgian songs, the songs and chants from newer and older continents have sounded too, the Battle Hymn of our Republic now swells the chorus, but above them all rings out continually the Marseillaise. How easy marching to it is! Surely the lines where it sounds, though they may be bent back and broken and overwhelmed for a moment, must surge irresistibly forward in the end, for they are formed of the very substance of human progress. Their push is towards the future.

It is the ideals of the past that lead on the enemy. He is attempting to set up the worship of force as the true religion of civilized men. After nineteen centuries of Christianity he proclaims that for us as for the most primitive savage might is to make right; and in his madness he is worshiping an idol of iron and steel, flashing liquid flame from its eyes and breathing out poisonous gas. But this personification of man's brute instincts, however much it may be clothed in intellectual power and awe-inspiring mechanical skill, cannot now be imposed upon mankind as God. The blood poured out by its votaries on the fields of France in such an attempt is truly, as the song says, a blood impure.

How terrible it is that the fierce denunciations of their enemies which those famous old lovers of liberty shouted to heaven on their march from Marseilles to Paris so long ago should be not one whit too strong for the present ferocious foes of France and our foes! How terrible it is that, imperfect as we ourselves are, we should be forced in the twentieth century by the very love of peaceful human progress itself to go out against fellow human beings on a crusade to kill. This is the final horror of the world war. Its black shadow darkened the sunlight of that glorious May afternoon. In order that it should never again fall upon the earth we knew that we must not lay down our arms until it had been demonstrated for all time that lawlessness and cruelty and lust of dominion can now bring to nations that practice them only disgrace and incalculable loss.

But when we are victorious there will remain a higher and a harder duty still for us to accomplish. We shall have then to embody in deeds the ideals we have so loudly proclaimed in words. Justice for weak and strong alike, liberty for all, right dealing among nations, these are difficult principles to live by honestly and without subterfuge. We and our Allies have taken upon ourselves a heavy responsibility.

The band whose playing of the Marseillaise had stirred up in me such thoughts and emotions had long been silent. We were marching only to the stir and applause of the crowd lining the streets on either side of us and leaning out of the windows of the tall houses. The sight of our long white columns, and of our banners fluttering in the wind, emblems of mercy, beautiful and moving as it was, now filled me with anxiety. Were we resolute enough, had we sufficient clearness of vision, sufficient moral force to perform our task worthily? Was the war perhaps only a high adventure to our young nation and not the crusade we called it? Had we been drawn into it in spite of ourselves by events touching our material interests, or were we entering it deliberately for a high purpose? Shouting ahead of us down the street startled me, loud shouting and tumultuous applause. A motor cycle policeman passed me on the left, and before I had time to realize what was about to happen, the President appeared before us standing in an automobile as he drove slowly up our lines. His earnest face was pale and serious, unmistakably the face of a man of wide vision and determined purpose. It answered my question.

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One man in that vast crowd of men and women, President Wilson, was raised high above it by his great office, and still more by his spiritual vision. He has looked down into the issues of this world conflict and has followed out its implications to their end. In spite of the immense pressure put upon him he waited to enter the war until he was convinced that it was not in reality, however disguised, a clash of opposing nationalities in a struggle for world supremacy; he waited until there was in his mind no question that the issues involved were moral issues. And he well knows that if our actions prove unworthy of our high purpose there will come rushing upon us as a nation overwhelming moral disaster. This vision of President Wilson's is our chief guaranty against a spiritual defeat, more terrible in its consequences for mankind than any conceivable military defeat.

But in his fight for the ideals of democracy, the President needs the help of every American man and woman. For even he cannot save us from the organized forces of selfishness in the world, unless we struggle with all our might to tear its roots out of our own hearts. We must clear away from before our spiritual vision the old moral fog. Whatever the sacrifices involved, and they will prove great, we must from this day on strive to be true to our ideal. We cannot continue to serve both God and Mammon while Christian civilization falls into ruins.

When tyranny is no longer enthroned anywhere in the world then mankind can sing other words to the glorious music of the Marseillaise.

HELEN THOMAS FLEXNER.

Russian Impressions

III

DURING my stay at the small estate of my Russian friend, Tarasov, in one of the northern provinces, in August, 1917, we stopped for dinner, one Sunday, in a hut close down to the water-side. In the village nearby, church was just over, and the peasants were flocking home: the men in their sober Sunday suits of black or gray, the women in white or colors, with gay kerchiefs over their heads. The bank was low and sloping here, and a narrow field extended up from behind the hut, while in front of it fishing nets were spread, and there were oars and boat-hooks and coils of rope hanging up to dry. The wife was strong and capable, with reddish hair, a smiling freckled face and bright, honest, friendly eyes. She had not been to church, she said, but out on the river fishing. She showed us the seven big fish she had caught. For each one she would receive seven roubles in the market—forty-nine roubles for two hours' work!

"But then I stopped," she said with a smile, "for what is the good of money these days?" Besides, this was a holiday. Soon her relatives would drop in, and she wanted to cook a nice dinner first. While she moved about her kitchen she talked of the high prices. In Petrograd the price of stove wood rose each week; and this, she said, was partly because the peasant boys and women here demanded such big wages for loading the wood onto barges.

"They hardly know what to ask," she laughed. "It is like a game. Every week they keep asking more, and always they get it, and so we go on. And as long as things are in such a state, why should not our people get all they can? Petrograd got all the profits once, and always it was at our expense. Now our turn has come. Why shouldn't we take it?

"Yes, we are living pretty well," she continued quietly, "in spite of the disorders in towns. We have plenty to eat, for we catch our own fish, raise our own chickens, our wheat and rye and vegetables. As for clothes, in almost every hut we have old looms and spinning wheels that we have not used for years—but now all the old grannies are fixing them up. We grew flax in our fields this summer; there are still enough sheep to give us some wool; and so this winter we'll be able to make our own clothes."

Her log hut was fresh and clean. The small living-room had heavy beams supporting the low ceiling. The wide brown planks of the floor were polished from much scrubbing. The partition walls were painted blue, and so were the doors and the cupboards built into the corners. There were flowered plants in the little windows. I saw a Singer sewing machine and a large red gramophone. Certainly they had prospered here. They not only farmed and fished; her husband was the foreman of a logging gang on the river. They had had no children, but on one wall hung a photograph of a young officer with his wife and baby. He was their nephew, Tarasov said. He had been badly wounded and was home on leave. On his gray jacket, which hung by the door, were pinned a medal and three Crosses of St. George, for the boy had distinguished himself during the great Brusilov drive down into the Carpathians. It was there he had won his commission.

Soon he limped in from the garden, a lean, sinewy lad of about twenty-two. He was dressed in gray uniform trousers and a soft yellow linen blouse with a sash around the waist. His face was gaunt, with high cheek-bones, a light moustache and clear, steady, blue eyes. Although friendly enough in his greeting, he did not seem to care to talk. His young wife had come in behind him, with their baby, which she gave to him to hold while she spread a blue checkered cloth on the table by the window, and began taking plates and glasses, spoons, forks and knives, from the cupboard. Meanwhile two cousins had come in, man and wife, the latter in a black silk dress; and after them came a rosy young niece and several other relatives. Each guest made a sign of the cross and a slight genuflection before the ikon near the door. Then each was introduced to us. The visit of an American created an impression. This was to be no informal affair. A quick, vigorous handshake and a bow. Then silence all about the room—till Tarasov in his genial way started the conversation.

The head of the house had now come in, a strong, grizzled man in his fifties, with black eyes alert and keen. The dinner was served: a large cold fish, a loaf of black

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bread, and a saucer filled with fresh caviar; also buns and jam and tea, which all drank from glasses. As the meal went on, they drank glass after glass until their faces glistened. The room grew warm, and we opened the windows for the cool breeze from the river. Through the meal our big smiling hostess kept coming in and out from the kitchen, stopping to listen now and then. The talk at the table had centred little by little around our host, whom Tarasov was drawing out for my especial benefit. The man was giving his whole point of view on the revolution. The others sat listening stolidly, the men now and then lighting fresh cigarettes. Only by a low chuckle or a sudden gleam in their eyes could you see how closely they followed his points. For, as foreman of the river gang, he was one of the leading men in the village.

To begin with, he insisted that the new government must be forced to give the peasants more land; and to prove the justice of his claim he went back many years in his life.

"When we pulled down the old hut to build this one," he said, "we found in the attic a pile of receipts for the taxes we paid to the government for the land we were given in 1861 (the time of the Emancipation). My grandfather, my father and I have paid so many taxes for our five desatinas (twelve acres) here, that the land could be quite covered with the money that we paid for it. My father and I were made to pay thirty-six roubles every year, and to get that money in the old days cost us plenty of sweat and blood.

"There was scarcely a week in all the year that we were not working hard. All through the summer we worked on the land. From October until May, we fished and logged on the river. And when there was no other work to do we used to drag up sunken logs from the river bottom. That was a slow, hard job. On a freezing winter morning we would take two boats out on the ice. With our axes we would chop through the ice and make a space as big as this hut. Into this space we would shove the two boats and fill them with water. Then with spiked poles we would feel for the logs on the bottom twenty feet below. We would drive four poles into a log and fasten the poles by chains to the boats. Then we would bail the water out, and the boats would rise because they must—as you might say, by the will of God. And as they rose, with the spiked poles they would pull the log loose from the mud below. It took nearly a day to get one log; and for this we received between one and two roubles.

"Again we would gather the fire wood that drifted down from barges broken up in the cataracts. We hired out as watchmen, too, to guard the logs on the riverside, and in winter to guard the forests of landowners in this neighborhood. So we eked out our earnings. Before the railroad was laid down my father used to drive travelers in a sledge one hundred versts (sixty-five miles) to Petrograd; and when he came back from such a long journey he would look like Grandfather Frost. So we labored; so we saved. It was a heavy life. As soon as the ice broke up in the spring, we were always either fishing or loading barges with limestone, or working this small farm of ours. When I married I was a lucky man, for my wife was a fine helper. Her hands have been like gold to me. She fished on the river and worked on our fields; she planted the vegetable garden here; she raised chickens and pigs; and all the time she made my old man and me comfortable. Such cooking! You can taste for yourself. And you see how clean she keeps the hut.

"But here is what I want to say. I say this land is all our own, and that now we ought to have still more, because since 1861 we have paid the government many times its value. The Tsar is our debtor, so now I claim it is quite right and legal for us peasants to take more land for ourselves. Nor will we ask for it as alms. We will take first the lands of the Crown and then the private owners' estates. The trouble will come in dividing it up. How that will be done, I do not know. It must be managed in such a way so as not to stop the farming here, for God knows we need all the grain we can raise.

"I don't believe that the cities will be able to help us here—for they know nothing of our real needs, and they work all kinds of foolish tricks. Just to give you one case—they move forward the hands of the clock, and then they call it progress! How does this daylight saving work? I used to get up in the morning at five. All right, I get up at the same time still, except that by the clock it is six. For the lazy people in towns, the clock may tell them how to live; but for us who already use all the light that the sun can give, what a childish trick this is!

"In the towns they complain that our wood contractors charge too much for firewood. But how can they expect us to sell it at a lower price, when here in the store we have to pay such enormous prices for everything that comes to us from the city? The towns will not give us what we need. They bring only finery here. Whenever we ask for something useful, the city replies, 'We have none.' So we are afraid to mow fast in the fields, for we know that if we should break our scythes there are no others to be had. And we have to mow, or we shall starve. Yet now they say in the cities that we should sell at prices fixed by the new government. But we will not sell—at *any* price! They won't get any grain from us so long as things go on like this!

"Just take a trip to Petrograd. Go to any railroad siding there and you will see perfect hills of scrap iron. Why can't they melt it up again and put it to use? Soon we shall have no axles left, no tires for our wagon wheels, no chains for the logs, no ploughs for the fields, no horseshoes for our horses! But still they do nothing! The blind fools! The trouble with those people is that they *think all the best things are made in the cities. It is not* so. Here we make the quicklime, and here we grow the flax and grain; here we raise the meat they eat, and the wool to keep them warm; we cut trees to build their houses and firewood to heat their stoves. They could not even cook without us! Other country districts turn out the coal and iron ore. All the real things in Russia are done out in the villages. What kind of crops do they raise in the towns? Only Grand-Dukes, Bolsheviki and drunkards! I tell you it would be possible to have a whole country without any cities—only small towns and villages, all joined together by railroads. And I am sure we would do very well. The cities we do not need at all. The cities make people think like men who have fallen sick and are lying in bed with a fever. Only on farms or deep in the forest or out on the river while you fish can you think a thing out clearly. For there your life goes quietly, and you learn only what is worth while.

"This whole revolution was manufactured in the towns, and it is as flimsy as other town productions. Look how shallow it runs. They say, 'This is a democracy. We speak for all the people.' But how can they claim to speak for us when we have never heard of them? What right have they to speak in our names and say that the peasants want this and that when we have not yet opened our mouths? That is damnable trickery! Between them and

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us there is the same gap as between a man who drives a sledge and another man who rides on a train. The first one has plenty of time to think, out under the sun or the stars at night; the second is rushed along in the train and chatters like a babbling fool, and meanwhile thinks nothing clear at all, except what rotten tobacco the man next to him is smoking!

"That is how they are in the towns. They want to change Russia in a day. What idiots! It cannot be done. If I have a piece of virgin soil to turn into arable land, first I shall have to plough it well, then harrow it and seed it down, and by the time I have produced the right rotation of crops on that field I will have spent perhaps five years—and all for the simple matter of a few desatinas of soil. But here these people in cities are proclaiming such reforms as have never been tried throughout the world—and yet they try to rush them through! Once I read a big brown book that told about the life of the world, and in the first chapter I read to my wife that the seven days of creation which the Bible tells about were really a matter of millions of years, but that a million years and a day are all the same to the great God. Are these town people gods that they will rebuild the whole world in a day, and the minds and habits of all people in it?

"They have begun from the wrong end. If they had been wise at the very start, as soon as they had dethroned the Tsar, they would have brought iron discipline into the Russian army, both at the front and at the rear, and in the towns they would have said to all the loafers, 'You must work!'

"What armies of idlers are in the towns! I shouldn't wonder if four-fifths of the people in Petrograd simply loafed, all of them waiting for Russia to starve, while out here every pair of hands could be used at a big profit. I am sure that by next March Petrograd will have nothing to eat. Then swarms of these loafers will come to us. And what shall we do? For half of them are soldiers and our peasant pitchforks are no good against their rifles. Perhaps the outcome of it will be that we shall be forced to feed these beasts and starve ourselves—all because they are loafing now!"

The peasant broke off with an anxious scowl, and his nephew, the young ensign, said in a low, quiet tone:

"Why should you let them take your grain? Why not fight for it like men? I can raise a company here myself that will stand against that city crowd. They are nothing but garrison troops who have never seen a gun pointed their way. If you let them have your wheat and rye, they will sell it all to Germany. The best thing is to let them starve until they listen to reason and lick the army into shape. All the officers I know, and a good many soldiers too, would be glad to see the death penalty back. A few thousand fellows hanged and shot would save perhaps millions of lives later on. As it is, we are getting ready to let the German armies in."

He turned to Tarasov and added, in his toneless, even voice:

"There are crowds of deserters everywhere hiding in the villages. And we can't arrest them, because the peasants say, 'What is the use? Why send these boys to Petrograd to sit on park benches and loaf with the rest?'"

Watching his gaunt, quiet face, I thought what a boy he was himself. A veteran at twenty-two, he had had three years of war, had been in the Brusilov drive, that vast chaotic rush of men by millions for two hundred miles, day and night, with fearful losses, far down into Hungary. What black nightmares, what prodigious panoramas he had seen! Then I heard him saying softly:

"It is hard to tell what will happen before all this has come to an end. But some of us will keep waiting until we see a real chance for an army. It may be a year—it may be two. But we are waiting, men like me, all over Russia. You will see. We don't want the Kaiser in place of the Tsar."

ERNEST POOLE.

CORRESPONDENCE

The A. F. F. W.

SIR: I trust that you will kindly permit me to correct a mistake with regard to the society I represent which I find in the very interesting article, American Women in France, contributed by Miss Sergeant to your issue of October 19th.

In speaking of the older American war relief societies in France, Miss Sergeant says that "certain of them, founded primarily for the wounded, like the A. F. F. W., had largely dropped hospital for reconstruction work in the liberated regions last autumn." In fact, the American Fund for French Wounded has never dropped, intermitted or lessened its hospital work. A committee of its members was indeed formed to engage in reconstruction work, but, as it soon became apparent that two different kinds of work could not well be carried on by a single society, last spring the members who had come to be chiefly interested in reconstruction resigned from the A. F. F. W. and formed a new society.

The American Fund for French Wounded now does some work for sick and distressed refugees in Paris, Nancy and other cities. But—as has been the case since it was established in 1915 and will be the case until relief work is no longer needed in France—it is primarily and chiefly concerned with the aid it gives to thousands of French military hospitals, in which, I may note, many of the American wounded are now being cared for. And we feel it important that there should be no doubt upon this point in the mind of the public, which has so heartily endorsed our aims and supported our activities in this country and in France.

N. G. VAN RENSSELAER.
(MRS. S. VAN RENSSELAER).

New York City.

Democracy vs. Fraternity

SIR: I see by the New Republic of October 19th that you have by mistake published my personal letter to you instead of the letter I sent suggesting an Open Forum on Democracy and College Fraternities. If the available space for this subject has been usurped by that letter, may I at least ask that your readers who are interested send letters and information that, even if not printed, would furnish material for investigation of this subject?

It is an easier thing to discuss the application of the now famous Fourteen Points to international affairs than to muster courage to apply their spirit and implications to the social group in which one lives. It would not be unworthy of the New Republic to help along the contagious epidemic for practical democratization that is spreading among college students.

FLORA L. ROBINSON.

New York City.

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The Extra Special Revolution

The Revolution Absolute, by Charles Ferguson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

ALMOST everyone has worked at a little watch-shaped puzzle that requires its victim to roll three pellets around until, after endless experiment, all the pellets are brought to rest in a group, safe in the tiny holes awaiting them. There is something about Mr. Ferguson's mind that recalls this puzzle. No one can doubt that he has somewhere loose in his head a number of inspirations. These inspirations or divinations or notions, far more than three, seem to resist every effort to bring them under control. The harder Mr. Ferguson works the more wildly his ideas seem to race from him. But occasionally, after the most desperate frustrations, a connection will be established between Mr. Ferguson's excursions, and the result will be an idea surprisedly clinched.

The supreme idea lassoed in this volume is the idea of The Revolution Absolute. Why is it called The Revolution Absolute? For the same reason, probably, that Mr. Colman's mustard is called the Double Superfine—Mr. Ferguson has an upper-case mind. "We are in the midst of the revolution that sums up all revolutions," exclaims Mr. Ferguson, rolling his frenzied eyes. "It is the revolution absolute—the passing of the consciousness of mankind from creaturehood to creatorship. In terms of politics this means that government by the Socratic discussion of abstract principles of right is passing away, and is being superseded by a kind of government that neither Hobbes nor Locke nor Rousseau nor Montesquieu nor the fathers of the American Constitution conceived, to wit: government by authoritative appraisement of the relative value of persons, projects, commodities and events, with reference to the uses of life."

At first shot this does not seem to mean a great deal. The "passing of the consciousness of mankind from creaturehood to creatorship" sounds deeply psychological and not wholly unflattering to the human race. It is the sort of assertion that cannot fail to commend itself to the hopeful. But how does Mr. Ferguson connect this pleasant transition from creaturehood to creatorship (or Puberty While You Wait) with the passing away of abstract principles of right? And how, in the name of Belgium, in the name of Right against Might, does Mr. Ferguson dare to assert that abstract principles are now, of all times, passing away from government? The lack of obvious connection is not the most striking feature of this passage from Mr. Ferguson. Nor is the large dismissal of Locke and Hobbes and The American Constitution and the rest of Everyman's Handy Library. That high gesture of universal learning, Mr. Ferguson tossing the lock of culture out of his eyes, is simply a routine bit of business. The real point of the passage, and indeed of the book, is the glimpse it gives of a philosophy based on the good old Life Force, and a propaganda that is really a plea for its recognition.

This explains the anti-morality. It would undoubtedly be sufficient for many people that Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Fergus-s-son (a friend of Mr. Hear-s-st and Mr. Bris-s-bane) has an S in his name to make it clear that he is an insidious Pro-German. (The S, unfortunately, is not silent, as in Roosevelt). But Mr. Ferguson's departure from abstract principles is a departure in a direction different from the Germans. Like them he believes that "governments organized for the express purpose of maintaining the separate and immiscible character of the physical fortune of each individual, are now passing out of existence," but while the German apparently believes in a new order that subjects the individual to the public order by force, Mr. Ferguson elects for a system by which the individual will be identified with the new order "in freedom." This sounds horribly like an abstract principle, in itself, but not to Mr. Ferguson. To him it is just Baconian horse sense. Our old law and morals trammel him. "The rise of technical science and the machine process, with the consequent grand-scale social organization for work, have left law and morals far behind. Our legal and moral conceptions, our ideas of right, duty, property, punishment, authority and so on, are reminiscent of the Old Testament or of the antique Mediterranean culture cherished in classical schools. . . We shall have a new social order in which virtue shall be linked with property and authority, and in which a man's goodness shall be defined in the pragmatic terms of the New Testament: I was cold, hungry, naked, and he produced the fuel, the food and the clothes."

The practical effect of this belief in freedom, as against the Germanic belief in force, is a full establishment of "that majority interest in the creative process without which the moral integrity of society cannot make a real beginning."

Here, perhaps, one sees why the old morality, even the morality of "distributive justice," bores Mr. Ferguson. It suggests something static to him. It does not take account of the life force. He is himself nothing if not consciously dynamic. The thing he concentrates on is productive power, not products. What we need, he declares, is a social system that favors business and production, "on a broadly social and scientific basis." The whole drive of his book is toward a financial and industrial system that helps rather than hinders the production of real goods.

The argument for production Mr. Ferguson reinforces by preaching the "inexorable political law of exploitation." According to this law, a law of irretractable indissuadable immiscible irrefragible Nature, "mass action cannot move otherwise than toward a physical conquest." The simple way out, therefore, is to harness mass action to production. Instead of having men kill each other, have them kill the boll weevil and the streptococcus. Have them imbue their hands in cochineal and aniline. Instead of eating fire, let them eat more cranberries.

To do this, to set up the productive equivalent of war, it is obviously necessary to get rid of the harmful duality of business and politics and to bring about a new administration of credit. That new administration of credit opens up really enchanting prospects. "The latent powers of organized art and science are practically infinite, and in their political development they will prove to be irresistible." In the new social order it will be the business of finance to extend credit to the world at large. "We have failed to grasp the fact that the basic thing in finance is the improvement of the working-organization—the generation of the higher powers of industrial co-ordination." Bankers will therefore take up the business of "the nurture of the vital forces of the mass of the people." "Can we not understand that business is a new kind of government—with the high-tensioned, triple-expansion engine of credit at the heart? . . . It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the administration of credit is not, in its nature, a private function. It is a public function." And in the new social order there will be draft boards everywhere to mobilize energy and extend credit. There will be public

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credit, like public water or gas, credit to burn. "Compared with the American model of phalanxed freedom—thus rectified—the work of a Solon or a Lycurgus, a Montesquieu, Hamilton, Stein or Bismarck, would show but a 'prentice hand." The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome—what are they, compared to a new group of Federal Reserve districts with the right idea of credit?

One of the easiest things to play on is the human desire for power. Proclaim that you have "the secret of strength," the art of restoring lost statehood, "the secret of mastery," and everybody's attention is captured. To your boast of possessing the secret add a vivid assertion that it is a democratic talisman, that it concerns "the mastery of materials" and that "democracy is the mastery of materials"—you have the human chicken hypnotized. Increase his hypnotism by using the newest lingo—"high technology," "realistic," "large-scale social effort," "the psychology of money," "the new social order," "technique," "technique," "technique." Then, like Mr. Ferguson, you can say, "the way to get strength is simply to make a business of getting it, in every neighborhood," and you can call it The Revolution Absolute.

F. H.

The Cream of the Jest

The Cream of the Jest, by James Branch Cabell. New York: The McBride Co. $1.35.

IN one of Anatole France's essays—wherein thoughts of love and death continually mingle to produce beauty and sorrow—I find these words:

> It is good to be reasonable and to love only the true; yet there are hours when common reality no longer satisfies and when one yearns to escape from nature. We know well that this is impossible, but we do not desire it the less for that. Are not our most irrealizable desires the most ardent? Doubtless—and this is our great misery—doubtless we cannot escape from ourselves. We are condemned, irrevocably, to see all things reflected in us with a mournful and desolating monotony. For this very reason we thirst after the unknown and aspire to what is beyond us. We must have the unusual. We are asked, "What do you wish?" And we reply, "I wish something else." What we touch, what we see, is nothing; we are drawn toward the intangible and the invisible.

James Branch Cabell, in his roman cérébral, The Cream of the Jest, agrees with M. Anatole France. He has observed life and has conceived that the greater part of its charm resides in the perennial search of men for the elixir of "something else." This allows him to smile (although a trifle enviously) at the colossal structure of the "practical" in which men are supposed to forget or to kill this dangerous yearning. Like the great French writer, his subtle and inveterate scepticism with regard to everything accepted by his fellows without question has given birth to a philosophy which embraces, with a tenderness not unmixed with irony, the white, wayward and deceptive figure of the Dream. True, this embrace always terminates in an awakening—and we see that what we were really clasping to our passionate hearts was ourselves. But what of that? If, indeed, the dream is fragmentary, ephemeral and absurd, it possesses a value which even science admits; and as for life itself, can any one deny that, with all his philosophy and wisdom, man has no other excuse for living but the enjoyment of those exquisite moments in which he is wrapped up in the dream of happiness?

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It is thoughts of this character that have visited the languid, moody and rebellious soul of Felix Kennaston, the hero of this book. For him "reality" is like a marvellous Gobelin tapestry—viewed from behind. And he wishes to raise this tapestry which, like the moon, always presents to him the same surface; he wishes to betake himself and all his consciousness to the other side, where he dreams of finding perfect peace, illimitable beauty, and that symmetry between sensation and thought which has forever been the ideal of art. But his efforts, like those of the mirage-infatuated wanderer in the desert, are foredoomed. In consequence he is one of those melancholy souls, half-child, half-seer, for whom the life of the living, even his own life, is summed up in two words: ambiguity and frustration.

And these two words, so repellent to men, so gloomy and so inevitable to thought, whenever thought seeks the shadow of contemplation, explain the title of the book. They explain also the book's singular fascination and its inconsequential weariness. The Cream of the Jest is written carefully, with a craftsmanship rarely equalled in American literature. The magic of mere words is manifest in every page; but it is not a magic to which we have been habituated by most of the novelists we admire. Mr. Cabell preferred to make his book out of a series of incidents, loosely strung together: a perilous technique for all but the most adroit writers, but admirably adapted to the purpose of this romance, and admirably handled.

Of plot there is none: the book opens with a story laid in a medieval landscape, reminiscent (as the author himself

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ironically suggests) of Maurice Hewlett. The reader is presented to a number of shadowy figures, all engaged in the preparations for a marriage. La Beale Ettarre, daughter of Count Emmerick, lord of Storisende, is about to be wedded to Sir Guiron des Rocques, one of those haughty ruffians and lechers of which the middle ages were full enough, despite the Courts of Love and the ballades of the troubadours. Ettarre, "the ageless" woman, is discoursing with her fiancé's squire, Horvendile. Now this clerk, a man of superior intelligence, whom life has made bored and bitter, committed the mistake of falling in love with Ettarre, and out of this little dilemma the romance is woven into a tragedy, which concludes with Horvendile bidding a long farewell to the woman whose husband he endeavored to kill. This story, making up the first book, is imagined as coming from the pen of Felix Kennaston, once journalist, adventurer and black sheep of a distinguished Southern family, but now a married man whose prosaic but wealthy wife has brought him, along with children and the vexations of domestic life, a social rehabilitation for which neither he nor his neighbors very much care (his nature having too much irony and disdain for happiness under such conditions), and a leisure which gives him the privilege to dream and to set down his dreams in books that meet with more curiosity than admiration.

Richard Harrowby, manufacturer of cosmetics, a supposed intimate of Kennaston's and an acknowledged bore, is the fictitious author of the remainder of the book, dealing with the psychic and other aberrations of Kennaston in the latter's search for Ettarre, his own creation, through time and space. At this point enter The Sigil of Scoteia, a curiously-inscribed fragment of metal (which later turned out to be the half of the top of one of Harrowby's own jars of cold cream, accidentally thrown into the garden by Kennaston's wife) which the writer first utilizes as material for a novel, and later exalts to the position of a fetish, by whose occult power he is enabled to summon to himself dream after dream wherein his Ettarre appears to him, with ever-increasing beauty, ever-increasing insistency—only to vanish at the very moment when this cerebral Quixote is on the verge of receiving the love of his insubstantial and tyrannous Dulcinea.

All this hyper-activity of the subconscious is mixed up in a bewildering fashion with the humdrum life of the world: events of the day change into the splendors of sleep and gradually Kennaston's absorption in the Cockaigne of his dreams assumes an almost pathological character, like the cases of double personality with which modern psychology has familiarized us. It becomes more and more necessary for the man to transmute the dross of his tedious fleshy existence into the fine gold of impossible revery; the disillusion which takes possession of him requires the anodyne of forgetfulness of the world, a species of psychic narcosis ending finally, with superb and daring humor, in Kennaston's acceptance of the Christian religion. In short, the book is a narration of the spiritual adventures of a soul which, like the soul in Baudelaire's prose-poem, wishes unceasingly to change its bed in the hospital of life.

In speaking of his own literary creed, Mr. Cabell has remarked: "The world . . . inclines to appear an ill-lit mine, wherein one quarries gingerly amidst an abiding loneliness . . . and wherein one very often is allured into unsavory alleys . . . in search of that raw material which loving labor will transshape into loveliness." Such a writer will not be greatly discountenanced by the strictures of the average reader. It is not that he despises him; Mr. Cabell is too fine an ironist to despise anything—it is simply that he understands this "abiding loneliness" in which the sincere artist must be content to live. And this understanding which he has reached with himself and the public gives to his work that air of remote unreality, that curiously pungent satire mixed with loveliness and grace that seems to me to characterize his work. Like one of the poets of whose loves he treats in his little volume, The Certain Hour, Mr. Cabell has "drawn up to himself a certain frontier of reticence." No book written within these frontiers can hope for *popularity*. It cannot even hope for the respect of most of those who make it their business to escort obscure genius into *fame*. Nevertheless, those writers and artists who, like Mr. Cabell in this and perhaps two other books, dedicate themselves to the worship of beauty and irony cannot fail to look back over their lives with a certain measure of content. They may even, perhaps, acquire a few readers who will do more than discuss the moral imputations of this or that production.

Mr. Cabell is a writer of unusual individuality; a man of whom his admirers say, anxiously, "Will he continue to produce such books or better?" Those who do not or cannot admire him will merely dismiss all praise of the man with an incredulous smile. S. B.

Stakes of the War

Stakes of the War, by Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

THIS is not so much a Who's Who as a What's What and a Where's Where of the countries, peoples and issues involved in the great war. Who has not scratched his head or cudgelled his brains over the racial affinities of the Albanians or the Kurds, over the aspirations of the Jugo-Slavs or the pan-Arabs, or over the economic and strategic facts of Mesopotamia, the Dobrudja, and the Banat of Temesvar? Well, the authors have undertaken to clear up all these puzzling questions by supplying the chief facts of territory, economics, race, culture and religion, pertinent to the antagonism of the present war and relevant to the machinery of a future peace.

The book is neither argumentative nor contentious. It is a work of ready reference. It states the facts and groups them with such conciseness and simplicity that any intelligent layman may get an excellent idea of the clash and the criss-cross of interests that are bound to be represented at the coming peace conference.

The authors claim that the particulars of each territorial case have been set down fairly, without taking sides. This claim, made in behalf of a book designed for a public ranged on one side of the struggle, may be tested by referring to the treatment of the problem of Alsace-Lorraine. What are some of the facts reported? The Germans outnumber the French in the ratio of eight to one, being enormously preponderant throughout the provinces everywhere save in western Lorraine. But many native born anti-German Alsace-Lorrainers are listed among the German population. Moreover, the Teuton preponderance is largely the result of a policy of deliberate racial displacement which the German government has systematically carried out since 1871. Strategically considered, Alsace-Lorraine is an ideal frontier for the German empire; in French hands, "it would constitute a threatening wedge driven deep into Germany." The retrocession of this region to France would create a revanche spirit in Germany as poisonous to international relations for decades to come

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¶ Two novels we specially recommend:—**The Star in the Window,** by *Olive Higgins Prouty* (author of "Bobbie, General Manager"), is the story of how one house, once blind and visionless, was given sight and soul by *a star in the window*. In this fine romance of an American girl and her odd sailor lover there is something unusual, but real.

¶ For readers of every taste **The Ghost Garden,** by *Amélie Rives* (Princess Troubetzkoy), is commended—a super ghost story with super thrills which, says the Chicago *Tribune*, "is at all times picturesque and sometimes exquisite The ghost walks with incomparable vividness among her kind."

¶ We suggest for all lovers of good poetry **Ardours and Endurances,** by *Robert Nichols*, the soldier-poet now lecturing in this country. "*A kind of testament such as no other poet has given us of his experience in this war,*" says the Boston *Transcript*. "*It is pure poetry that Mr. Nichols writes.*" Some of Nichols' work is also included in **The Muse in Arms,** by *E. B. Osborn*, the best anthology of the verse that has come out of the War.

¶ Thinkers on problems of reconstruction will find valuable material in the first three volumes of The New Commonwealth Series (**The World of States,** by *C. Delisle Burns*, **The Church in the Commonwealth,** by *Richard Roberts*, Rector of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, and **Freedom,** by *Gilbert Cannan*), which tell Americans where the younger English thinkers stand toward the after-the-war problems.

¶ In **The True Story of Alsace-Lorraine,** *Ernest A. Vizetelly*, who knows the district thoroughly, gives a sound, accurate survey of a vexed question which in the coming negotiations for peace must be of first importance.

¶ The growth of the Montenegrin kingdom—its historical background, its present politics, and its hopes for the future—are clearly set forth in Alexander Devine's **Montenegro in History, Politics and War.**

¶ Two important books for mid-November publication are *Alfred Noyes'* **Walking Shadows,** and **The Woman Citizen,** by *Mary Sumner Boyd*. Alfred Noyes has long been known as a master story-teller in verse; now he gives proof of his power as a prose story-teller in this volume of stirring tales of the sea in war-time. **The Woman Citizen** is a nation-wide guidebook for the woman who votes and the woman who wishes to vote—the plainest, simplest, most get-at-able book yet published on civics and suffrage for woman. Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, says it is "a valuable book that is needed. I am impressed by its thoughtfulness and sincerity."

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as the revanche spirit in France has been since the third Napoleon fell. Against this handicap the fact is noted that the loss of the vast iron resources of Alsace-Lorraine would seriously impair Germany's power to re-arm readily for an extensive predatory campaign.

This illustration gives no clue to the studied convenience in the arrangement of the material, but it is typical of the fairmindedness with which ticklish territorial problems are recorded. The only serious flaw in substance is the astonishing omission of the cases of Ireland and India. (Why Schleswig-Holstein and not Ireland? Why Persia and not India?) In all other respects the treatment is such that the nervous reader may fear lest his patronage of the book expose him to the censure of the fire-eaters. Let him rest easy. The book has an endorsement from the rock-ribbed quarters of the National Security League. Ex-President Taft, in a special foreword, declares the work to be "most valuable to every one who expects to follow the course of international politics and settlements in this war." His tribute is not too strong.

F. G.

Opportunities for War Time Training for Women in New York City, compiled by the Clearing House for War Time Training for Women and the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations. New York: 19 West 44th Street. Twenty-five cents.

IF women drift into uncongenial work or blind-alley work or bread-and-butter marriage it is less for lack of ambition than for lack of maps charting their opportunities. It is to the greatest credit of the Clearing House and the Intercollegiate Bureau that they have published such a map, which, though especially adapted for wartime needs also covers nearly every activity of peace. The booklet is no mere list of occupations open to women; it is a well arranged catalogue of practical information as to where the training necessary for those occupations can be obtained. Often enough women are told that they can and should go into commerce and industry and agriculture, not to mention more obvious careers, but for the average unorientated girl this is so much Tantalus fruit unless she is shown where and how and for how much she can become a trained accountant or dietitian or mechanic or any one of the hundred things listed by the Clearing House. One hopes that other cities will make the same survey of their vocational-education facilities and that through such attention the facilities will be increased.

Contributors

to this issue

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, author of French Perspectives, has been in France for several months and is contributing a series of articles to the New Republic.

ERNEST POOLE, an American, returned from Russia some months ago. Author of The Harbor, His Family, His Second Wife.

HELEN THOMAS FLEXNER, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, and a former instructor of English in that college.

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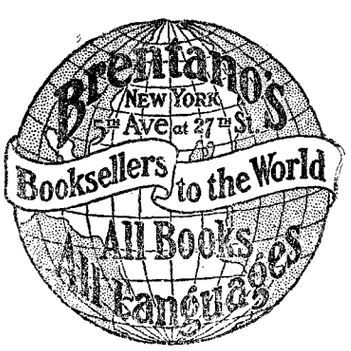

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